PAUL FLANDERS
BOX 347, CARMEL

THE
# CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. ONE | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JULY 6, 1926 | TEN CENTS

## SHAMROCKS TAKE ABALONE FLAG

HOW THEY FINISHED

| | WON | LOST | PCT. |
|---|---|---|---|
| SHAMROCKS | 7 | 3 | .700 |
| TIGERS | 6 | 4 | .600 |
| REDS | 5 | 5 | .500 |
| PIRATES | 5 | 5 | .500 |
| BEARS | 4 | 6 | .400 |
| WHITE SOX | 3 | 6 | .300 |

**By Charlie Van Riper**

Green fire was the appropriate pyrotechnic for Carmel's double-header holiday. The Shamrocks won the 1926 Abalone League cup on Sunday afternoon and the fact that they were shamefully beaten Monday didn't affect the result. By Ford's boys are the champions.

The real kick of the closing games of the league was in the struggle for the batting championship of the local baseball loop. Mr Ford, besides pilotting his team to the top stepped right up to gather the individual honors.

Ol' Cap. Ford, the sea-going shortstop of the Shamrocks, crashed through with an average of .696 to beat out Harrison Godwin's percentage of .678. There's no comeback on the figures either for the missing score of May 30 has finally been found and the results inscribed thereon duly incorporated in the records.

Just one percentage point behind Harrison was Jo Mora who was swept back into the spirit of his days in the Boston Newspaper League and harried the horsehide for a mark of .677. Charlie Van Riper landed fourth place with .627; Fred Godwin fifth with .618 and Vic Renslow number six with a rating of .606.

When the Shamrocks cleaned up on Cal Bates' Bears Sunday afternoon the only thing left to fight for was second place. Charlie Frost's Tigers and Harrison Godwin's Reds went into action to determine tenancy in the No. 2 address in the first of Monday's three games. Harrison didn't appear to join battle in person but his spirit and teammates went marching down to defeat although they outhit the Tigers.

The Shamrocks, without their regular pitcher, faced a Pirate team with Van Riper and Renslow in the places of Doud and Josselyn. The result was a 12 to 2 walloping for the champs.

The final game of the 1926 series was one of the best of the entire assortment. Don Hale's White Sox, always a strong "paper" combination, played fine ball on the field Monday afternoon and gained a 4—2 decision over the Bears. It was anybody's game right up to the final out, but the Sox, although out-hit 12 to 9, held an early lead and boosted their standing.

In the next week or two the grounds committee of the league will have the field graded and start work looking toward improved playing conditions when the ball hawks go into action again. Match games, mid-week games, and a shift to a temporary field are possibilities now under consideration.

Players of all teams are to turn their uniforms or stockings over to the captain and the regalia will be packed in moth balls until the blue-ribbon event of local baseball, the Abalone series, is again contested.

## NEWBERRY TO BE FIRST BUILDER IN HATTON FIELDS

Perry Newberry is to have the first house to be built in Hatton Fields. He will begin construction this week. Newberry bought the first lot sold in the new tract by the Carmel Land company. He is maintaining his "first" reputation in this as it was his house that was the initial one to be built at the Highlands. It is the little chalkrock house that stands at the bend of the back road into the Highlands. The present Newberry house on Dolores street, which has just been sold, is also of chalk rock and the one planned for Hatton Fields will be of the same material. The Newberry lot is at the entrance to Hatton Fields in a thickly-wooded section near Carpenter street.

## SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGIST VISITS JEFFERS IN CARMEL

Edgar Lee Masters, author of the famous "Spoon River Anthology", and George Sterling motored up from San Francisco last week, accompanied by Gaylord Wilshire of Los Angeles, for a week-end visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers. Wilshire is a friend of Sterling, was one of the early lecturers with Bernard Shaw in the Fabian Society of London several years ago.

Masters was taken on a ride around the Seventeen Mile Drive and to Point Lobos during his visit here. He returned to San Francisco this morning and will leave for his home in New York tonight.

## CARMEL GUESTS ATTEND OPENING OF MONTEREY PENINSULA COUNTRY CLUB

Three hundred guests attended the opening dinner at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club on Friday night. Entertainment was provided for the guests and after dinner many came in for the dancing. Adeline Rotti gave an exhibition waltz and toe Charleston assisted by Harrison Godwin. In the prize dancing contest Miss Elsie Wagner of Carmel and Jack Gompertz were the winners.

Among the guests from Carmel were Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Ray De Yoe, Mrs. Lotta Shipley, Mrs. M. A. Graham, Miss Tilly Polak, Miss Ernestine Renzal, Mrs. Yodee Remsen, Miss Vivian Foree, Miss Marion Sturges, Miss Vivian Higginbotham, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Short, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Barney Segal, Winsor and Tolbert Josselyn, O. J. Cope, Franklin Murphy and others.

Grace Wickham and Ethel Turner are in Carmel for a few days.

## NEW SHOPPING DISTRICT PLANNED OUTSIDE CARMEL

What might be called the potential nucleus of a new art and business colony of Carmel istaking shape in the plans for a group of little shops and studios to be built on La Loma hill above the highway, well outside Carmel's city limits. The little coterie of Carmel business men and women who are planning the new section consists of Bonnie Lee, dealer in antiques, Lucile Kiester, of the Pinafore Playhouse toyshop, Miss Emma Waldvogel, of the Waldvogel Studio in Monterey, R. Clarkson Colman, artist and writer, and The Porcelain Shop. Bonnie Lee, beside her antique shop, which will be next door to the Colman studio, is also planning to build studios to rent. Miss Waldvogel calls her shop The Curtain Shop. It will be a branch of the Monterey Waldvogel Studio which has been for several years in an old Spanish Adobe house in Monterey. The Colman studio is practically completed, while the others expect to be well under way before the end of the year.

## SUBMIT DESIGNS FOR NEW HARRISON MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Designs for the proposed new Harrison Memorial Library in Carmel will be submitted this evening to the library board by architects and designers of Carmel and Monterey. Among those who will submit drawings are A. Clay Otto and Guy Koepp.

## VIRGINIA BURTON DESIGNS WOOD CUT FOR "HAMLET"

The wood cut which will be used for poster advertising of the coming production of "Hamlet" at the Forest Theater was designed by Virginia Burton and cut by her father, Dr. A. E. Burton.

## TSIANINA, METROPOLITAN OPERA STAR, TO GIVE CONCERT IN CARMEL

Tsianina, the Indian singer from the Metropolitan Opera Company, will give a concert at the Theatre of the Golden Bough July 14 under the auspices of the Peninsula Philharmonic Society of which Mrs. E. A. Kluegel is president. The opera, "Shanewis", by Charles Wakefield Cadman, has as its story the life of Tsianina. The personality and voice of this singer have been highly lauded by such famous operatic stars as Melba and Schumann-Heink.

Sigurd Russell and Victor Irving of the Potboilers Art Theatre in Los Angeles have returned to the South.

**WANTED—A mother busy taking care of her three little two-months'-old boys has asked us to find her a good home. The babies are exceptionally cunning, and the entire family is "all collie". Apply to Miss Louise Conger, president of the Humane Society, telephone 279.**

# PINE CONE AND HERALD ANNOUNCE COMBINE

Allen Griffin, editor of the Peninsula Herald of Monterey and representative of the Hayes political interests of San Jose in this part of the congressional district, has purchased a half interest in the Carmel Pine Cone from J. A. Easton, according to an announcement appearing in the Pine Cone of last week. It is also announced that Easton, who came to Carmel in April after having consecutively edited and managed several newspapers in various parts of the country, has bought a half interest in the Herald.

It is understood that the Pine Cone, which will appear this week as a twenty-four page paper, will continue to be printed at the Herald plant in Monterey and that the new type-setting machine recently instaled in the plant on Dolores street will be removed to the Herald building.

"There will be no change in the news or editorial policy of either publication," the announcement says, and adds:

"The principal purpose of establishing the new mutuality of interest between the two properties was to enable each to be of greater service to their communities and entire section as well as to obtain greater efficiency in mechanical production, which will be passed along to readers and advertisers in the form of improved news and feature content and increased circulation.

"Mr. Easton and Mr. Griffin will act in conjunction as editors and managers of both properties, but the former will concern himself principally with management and the latter with editorial direction. Mr. Easton will continue to write his personal column in the Pine Cone under the heading of 'Frankly Speaking' and Mr. Griffin will continue to write his personal column of 'News Comment' in the Daily Herald.

"The Pine Cone will continue to be published in tabloid size and will retain all of its 'different' individuality which has been characteristic since its establishment nearly twelve years ago. Mr. Easton, who came to Carmel on April 17, is now completing a new home in Eighty Acres, where he will permanently reside, and his personal interest and enthusiasm for Carmel and the Pine Cone will be increased rather than diminished as a result of the new development."

# ON PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Not alone to extend the field of physical education through broadening the study of it, but to increase the interest of people to the point of widening the opportunities for this study is the plan of Miss Halldis Stabell who is now in Carmel and one of the instructors in the Arts and Crafts Summer School for the 1926 season. In a statement made to one of her pupils, Rose Waterman Harris, also a teacher in the summer school, Miss Stabell has made the following outline of her ideas and ideals in the furtherance of physical education:

**By Halldis Stabell**

My message is a universal one. It is to assist the woman in the home, the office, the school room and in all walks of life. It is to fit her for her duties as well as her pleasures. It is to increase her value as a definite and vibrant human being in relation to the forces governing her, forces which in turn she must govern and subordinate. Thereby she strengthens her power. To do this it is necessary for the woman to understand her mind and body and just what the action is under certain prescribed conditions.

Physical culture, as it is being taught today in this country, is in its infancy. It is really to undergo great changes. This is especially true of that which aims to develop the female body. The greatest change is coming to develop the body as an instrument of beauty as well as strength. When the women of this country are awakened to this vital truth, then I will consider myself the happiest woman in America. It will mean that my life's work has been accomplished.

I am a graduate of one of the leading physical culture schools in Scandanavia, besides having studied with many medical authorities throughout Europe. My work has received recognition and many of my pupils are working to bring about the desired development of physical education which I hope for.

My plan is to establish a school for teachers in the United States. In this school a thorough and complete knowledge of anatomy will be taught. The courses will include physiology and some pathology in addition to the many and varied exercises used in the foundational building of the body. The medical profession in this country is ready to substantiate my claims to this particular method of physio-therapy, and the medical societies are doing everything possible to assist me in this work of regenerating the human body.

By the means of this study and by these exercises we are able to reach the subconscious mind and establish new habits of thought and action. All these things are in accordance with natural laws. By their means we develop a normal and beautiful body.

Wrong habits formed by generations of civilization have so deformed the human body that the Greek standard of perfect body is almost unknown. As an example, all women have more or less the wrong position of the pelvis, with protruding abdomen and sway back. Also ugly neck lines, double chin and ugly undeveloped upper arms. Similar and smaller defects will be found in every part of the body, and may be easily detected when the subject is placed before a mirror and attention directed thereto. These major defects can be corrected in a very few lessons and the posture showing tremendous improvement, indicating what a thorough study can do.

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# AS PERRY NEWBERRY SEES "DIFFERENT"

The following letter from Perry Newberry appears in last week's edition of the Pine Cone and is interesting per se as well as for the new sidelight it gives on the Newberry train of thought:

**By PERRY NEWBERRY**

I was interested in the editorial in the Pine Cone that said Carmel's "difference" from other cities in the country should be retained, and expressed the belief that the town's growth was due to this lack of conformity with its fellows rather than to any acceptance of the standards of forward-looking cities. I had heard that the new editor and publisher of the Pine Cone was "standardizing" his plant, changing character, shape, dress and newsprint of his paper, and I wondered if he knew what he meant by "different". That didn't sound as though he understood the meaning of the word, and I waited doubtfully for his "standardized" product.

If the Pine Cont had come to me in the dress of the Maine-to-Oregon big-town weekly, with all the well-known departments in its columns, and a Dr. Crane editorial in it, and "different" from the old Pine Cone in the real Carmel meaning of the word, I should have placed the editor among the hundreds of other residents of our town who want it "different", and begin making it similar the minute they settle in their new homes. Instead the Pine Cone changes have been betterments; it is newsier, more interesting, bigger, looks more prosperous, it gives me more for my subscription money. Yet it remains "different" from the ninety-and-nine.

* * *

Nearly everybody who comes to live in Carmel wants the town to remain "different", and hasn't the slightest conception of what its "difference" is, how it became "different", or how to retain its "difference". Some people think it has to do with holding back the town's population, being old-fashioned, keeping things primitive, getting along without the comforts and luxuries that modern life demands. Not a bit. No more than it means that the Pine Cone must remain eight pages instead of sixteen or twenty; must be set by hand instead of by linotype; or be printed on a platen press instead of a rotary. The idea of holding back progress has nothing to do with the notion of keeping Carmel different, for difference, as far as its definition applies to our town, means "originality".

* * *

Community originality is what has made Carmel a different town from its neighbors, and is what you found here that decided you to make it your home. It was a splashing over from the buckets of individual originality of a population that had a sufficient quantity of originality to unselfishly spill a bit of it for commercial use. There must be pretty full buckets of originality in the hands of artists, writers, sculptors, musicians, poets and composers, for it is their principal stock in trade; if they haven't originality, they aren't. That's all. They cease to be. And Carmel has always had a fortunately big proportion of these purveyors of originality. They gave freely to the community that was—and has been proven to be—more valuable than money; bright, original ideas.

There is still this reservoir of great value here, more than ever before. Carmel today has more original minds in it than any other city in America ten times its size. But originality is valuable to the artist no less than to the community, and he needs all he has. He would give, though; he is rarely selfish of ideas; but strangely enough, he is seldom asked for advice in civic matters.

Rather curious, isn't it, that a city whose beauty is one of its chief assets, should not be seeking the advice of those whose knowledge of beauty is part of their very lives? Doesn't it seem strange that a town that has built its prosperity upon originality shouldn't be asking ideas of them who have that commodity? Is there upon any board of the town activities a single artist, writer or musician of note? And isn't it true that when we do find the men and women of original minds before our city boards, they are usually opposing the propositions being considered?

The customary answer to these questions is that the artists oppose everything that is progressive; that they want to hold back population, comforts and modernity; in a word, that they are "Nuts". That is far from the truth. They oppose, not progress, or population, or modernity, but unoriginality, Babbitry. The standardization of Carmel into the mold of the Chamber-of-Commerce pattern is the thing they are against. So are you. So are nine out of ten of Carmel's permanent residents, and ten out of ten of its transients. But the artist, with a technical knowledge of beauty, with a scientific understanding of the meaning of "different", or originality, sees progress come to Carmel in the same pattern as it comes to other towns, and visioning the result as we who have not that knowledge cannot forsee it, shake their heads in protest.

* * * *

These residents of Carmel know, too, that originality loses its quality of originality immediately upon its expression, and that the second time it is expressed, it is copy. And a good original idea is always promptly copied. Carmel's difference from other towns lies in the fact that it has more originals than it has copies.

Today there are many cities that have open-air theaters similar to our Forest Theater. Sixteen years ago, when the idea of the Forest Theater came it was quite daringly original, so unique that newspapers and magazines throughout the country commented on it. When Edward G. Kuster built his first, small shop on Ocean avenue, it was an original idea. Now there are a dozen similar places down-town, and other cities have copied the idea. So with the high-peaked, curved-edged roof, semi-English dwelling, that added a new type to Carmel's homes; now lifting high peaks everywhere. But every little while something truly original breaks in Carmel, gives impetus away from the beaten path, and lifts the whole town into the "different" class. And so long as this continues Carmel will continue to progress.

* * *

So long as originality continues to flow for community use, it does not matter that things which have made Carmel "different" have had to go. No one expected that the charming cross-cut pathways that once meandered over everybody's property would remain open against the owner's right to build. But we do think that that within its street-lines, the pathways should curve, dodge around trees, wind to avoid destroying a manzanita or cascara bush, instead of hurting the eyes as now does Dolores' line of concrete sidewalks from Ocean to Eighth. No one thought that the roads that served for saddle-horses would be adequate for automobiles, but we had a right to expect that on the one-hundred foot right-of-way of Ocean avenue from Carpenter to Junipero streets, the concrete would not stretch straight as a bow-string.

Is there anybody in Carmel who does not know that if the technical knowledge of beauty possessed by its artists had been called upon for the planning of that approach to Carmel, it might have been made one of the wonderful roads of California? Within that one-hundred foot right-of-way was every requisite for giving charm, personaliy and beauty to the twenty-six foot wide roadbed of concrete; oaks, pines and brush with which to frame vistas of blue bay, conceal ugliness of man-made activities. Nor need it have added a cent to the cost, or injured the usefulness. Instead of a speedway, we would have had a series of wonderful pictures.

This, though, is of the past, and my purpose is not to criticize what has been done, except to point the way for constructive future plans, but to show how Carmel is "different", and give a recipe for keeping it "different".

* * *

There used to be a horse-trough where the Soldiers' Memorial now stands at Ocean and Junipero. A rough trough, red-tiled. As a watering trough for horses, it ceased to be of value, though at that, it had as much utility as what stands there now. But it had beauty. It would stop an automobile in admiration of its character and unique interest. It was "different".

At many places, half-hidden by foliage, were what someone named "Milk shrines". Some of them were pretty, all of them were unique. Strangers here would see them, investigate, laugh and tell of them. Newspapers made "copy" of them. They were "different".

Because they were narrow, tree-dotted and winding, sidewalkless and humpy, Carmel's streets were "different". Its beach without a hurdy-gurdy to vie with the music of the surf, is "different". So is Gus on his horse. I don't question that a traffic cop needs a motorcycle to produce results, but that combination isn't "different". It is easier and simpler to have a mailman shove your bills into a letter-box on the porch than to go to the postoffice for them, but that daily rendezvous there was, is, and I hope will continue to be an important "difference" that Carmel enjoys over many another town.

Which makes me remember that most of Carmel's "differences" are intangible, not to be described, or tacked to an illustration. Like the friendly gathering at the postoffice, with its interchange of ideas—or gossip—most of the town's originality

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH

# 'R. U. R.' EPILOGUE INCREDIBLE

By W. K. Bassett

It is almost incredible that Karel Capek, the Czecho-Slovakian, could have been so artless as to have written the epilogue of "R. U. R." as it was presented on the stage of the Theatre of the Golden Bough this past week-end. It seems equally incredible that the intelligent percentage of New York theater-goers could have acclaimed this play as it is declared they did, with such an atrocious ending tacked onto it. Yet, I am told it is so and I cannot for the life of me understand it.

Here is a play that gradually lifts you out of your comfortable wicker chair at the Golden Bough for three acts, and then lets go of you suddenly through the sheer exhaustion of art in a silly after-climax.

I suppose there had to be something at the end to save the sensibilities of unimaginative people; that there had to be something sweet and succulent and sappy to end the thing with so that those with coarse palates could taste; but what a pity it is that it could not have been less obvious, less blatant, less absurd. "Adam and Eve"; forsooth! What a smelly admixture of fundamentalism and evolution! What a commentary on human intelligence and understanding!

And, too, to bring the thing down to the personal and near, what a pity that the admirable work of Fred. O. Robbins had to be spoiled by lines he was forced to say and things he was forced to do. If, when Primus and Helena appear on the stage, obviously the progenitors of the coming race of humans from the instant of their appearance, they could have accented for only a moment or two the importance of their existence and then, as they walked embracing out into the sunset which they had learned to appreciate, if the old man could have awakened, watched them, and on the final curtain lifted his hands to his traditional god with a single word of gratitude and praise, how much finer it would have been. And how much loss would it have robbed us of the impression of the bigness of the thing that had gone before, an impression which we surely all were feeling deep down into the roots of our sensbility that there are bigger things in life than we can even dream of.

Disgusted as I am with the epilogue my disgust would have been greater had I not had the pleasure of watching Gladys Vander Roest who, of course, wasn't there to question why. "Did" Greene, with his lack of experience, did not show up well beside her, but he was decoratively fitted for the part and that's a great deal.

As for the play in its main three acts, it has been many years since I have felt that I was sitting in the presence of something great and magnificent, and what shortcomings there were, blameful or blameless, among the actors, were not great enough to destroy the bigness of it all. I could have wished that Elliott Durham had measured up larger in his important role, that with all his attractive "Europeaness", Jacques Marie Laumonier articulated so I could understand him; that the handsome Otto were stronger on enunciation. But Durham was good in an extremely difficult demand on him. Laumomer was whimsically acceptable and Otto properly tragic. Helen Judson did the best work I have ever seen her do, but she could have been less somberly gowned in the first act as a contrast to the drabness of the five or six males. It would have helped to make her look ten years older, as the play read, in the second act, instead of ten years younger. Ruth Price and Harold Gates, as the introductory Robots, were well cast, and William Vander Roest and Thomas Bickle did their generally good work. Ivy Whitworth overdid her querulousness, I thought, but she was sure of herself. Jimmie Doud was satisfyingly terrifying and properly dominant when his day came. It was rather amusing to see Carmel's Beau Brummel all messed up in dungarees and grease paint.

As for Fred Robbins I doubt if there was a Carmelite in that audience who did not thrill to the old man. He accomplished the outstanding triumph in Kuster's production of "R. U. R."

But that epilogue—ugh!

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In "The Commercial Side of Literature" Michael Joseph and Grant Overton have gathered a rich store of facts and information which should be of benefit both to the beginner and to the writer who has arrived. There are chapters on "Author and Publishers", "Approaching the Publisher", "The Author and Publicity", and others, which cover the subject in an interesting and comprehensive manner.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly journal of news of the activities and ideas of people, their aspirations and endeavors, together with comment and opinion thereon.

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of The Cymbal, Seven Arts building, Carmel, Monterey county, California. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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# "ARMS AND THE MAN" WAS WELL "PLEASANT"

By W. K. B.

If one were to express the general reaction to "Arms and the Man", as produced at the Forest Theater last Thursday evening as the first presentation of an "engegement" of four nights, the embracing word would be "pleasant". The entire situation was pleasant. It was a brillig night, the air was clear and biting, the out-doors gave one a sense of festival, the cavalry band music was good, the play was by Bernard Shaw, the settings were exquisite, and the players staged a first-rate dress rehearsal for which, unfortunately, they found it possible to charge several prices that reached their peak at the two-dollar mark. As I will deduct my ticket cost from the price of the job printing I did for the show I have only to lament that I did not go on Friday or Saturday night and thereby make my pleasant experience absolutely perfect. On those nights they do say—those who skipped the opening—that Shaw was smoothly dramatized and no one noticably forgot what he was expected to do or say.

As I have said that the players generally staged a first-class dress rehearsal on the first night, I should explain by declaring that one of them was a night or two ahead of the others and that Eugene Watson, not yet numbered in my list of friends, had his part all ready for the opening. If Shaw would have (and I honestly believe he would have) torn out his white whiskers by handfuls if he had been present at what was labeled "Captain Brassbound's Conversion", produced in this same city not long since, he would have rubbed his hands in gratification of Watson's interpretation of "Major Paul Petkoff" in "Arms and the Man". Watson's acting was superb. Not once did he drop a hair's breadth from the plane of his characterization and the final curtain, or final searchlights, left him with an unblemished record of a night's work perfectly done.

It is impossible, no matter how much one might desire to please, to say anything similar of the balance of the cast. In those who remain to be considered Marian Todd and Bert Heron step up first for the blue ribbons and Emma Rendtorff is next in line. If some one had stolen Marian Todd's red wig a few minutes before the show, all would have been well with her. As it was, the person who selected it should be barred forevermore from any handling of make-up and properties. It was ghastly, and demanded a great deal of personality and unexpected fine acting on her part, to overcome the handicap of that raucous head-dress. Bert Heron, it is said, demonstrated his rare ability as an actor on the succeeding nights of the play and did not forget his lines, and Emma Rendtorff laid a finer finish on her agitation as a guilty friend of the enemy.

But the one thing that has always snatched the laurel wreath from Ruth Kuster, pulled it from her grasp in "Arms and the Man". She can act, she is lovely, she has the spark, but she insists on maintaining her reputation for not learning her lines. There is very litt—there is no excuse for that.

John Parker was disappointing because he was "stagey" and Henry Watson was apparently scared.

But, as Cymbaline says elsewhere in this issue of The Cymbal, a Forest Theater play makes a fine evening no matter what the actors do or fail to do.

**Emma Rendtorff, who was successful as Madame Petkoff in "Arms and The Man".**

## STANLEY WOOD WATER COLOR EXHIBIT TO CONTINUE WEEK

The water color exhibit of Stanley Wood at the studio of Johan Hagemeyer has been extended in time and will continue for another week, closing July 12.

Wood is instructor in landscape painting at the Arts and Crafts Summer school this year and is hailed as one of the young painters of genius in the country. His exhibit is attracting increasing attention and it was because of request from art lovers that the display will remain in the Hagemeyer studio for another week.

Henry Ford has denied the rumour that he intends to retire to a peaceful country cottage. Thanks to his efforts there isn't one. —Punch

DENISHAWN

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DOLORES STREET CARMEL

# SUNDAY BEST MURDER DAY

How and when to get anything into a newspaper is herewith elucidated by none other than Heywood Broun. It appears in a recent issue of the New Yory World.

**By Heywood Broun**

It's none of my business, I have no credentials by which I may qualify as an expert on the matter, and in addition it may be exceedingly bad form for me to mention the subject at all. But I must say that the story by Hugh O'Connor which appeared in the World yesterday about the meeting of Edison and the Prince was to my mind an exceptionally fine piece of newspaper writing. Nor is it necessary to include the word "newspaper".

Most of the acclaim and all the prizes go to the reporter who digs up some fact or facts hard of access. There was no sleuthing necessary for the story of which I speak. That Edison was to receive Swedish royalty was a matter or common knowledge and reporters were invited to be present. All the newspapermen had the same materials with which to work. They started from the scratch and this one story seemed so much better than the others. The narrator saw and heard so much more than his companions. He captured that elusive thing called color. Boiled down to a strict account of the occurrences, every story printed contained precisely the same information. There was no beat or scoop or anything elusive. But color is part of the news. The tone and manner of the man, even though such qualities defy precise report, may be just as important and much more than the thing he says.

The old style editor used to insist that the public wanted the news and not much else, and his definition of news was narrow. The old style editor was wrong, or, at any rate the new style reader is not with him. Look through your favorite paper, even if by any mischance it happens not to be the World, and you will find column after column which the old style editors would have rejected with indignation as mere luxuries and frills.

News won't do as the sole commodity for any paper, because Life, said to be a great dramatist, is a most indifferent journalist. You cannot leave the contents of any daily newspaper to Fate, because so very often Fate falls down badly and comes to the office empty handed. There are days, of course. When Life turns out prodigious copy. Quakes sometimes come on the very afternoons that Kings are dying. Cyclones have attempted to crowd Babe Ruth out of his fair share of space by picking the very day on which he made two home runs as their own time to break loose and wreck a city. It is too bad that some of the news on busy days can't be set in the refrigerator and saved up for display when happenings are duller. If there were closer cooperation between the morning papers this could be accomplished. One night editor might then telephone another and say: "How about us leaving out this brutal Walcot murder? What with the crew races, that bathtub girl going into a convent and Senator Borah's laryngitis, we have plenty for the first page already. Let's hold it off till tomorrow. There isn't much in sight for Monday's paper."

Once I worked under an editor who used a somewhat similar system, although he followed it on his own and never needed co-operation. It was his custom to plan the make-up of his paper early in the evening. His mind was orderly and he hated fuss and hurry. Accordingly, by 10 the old gentleman had an excellent and neat make-up scheduled for each of his pages. News had to be very grave indeed for him to pay any attention to it if it happened later than 9:30 P. M. People who put their murders off to midnight and later enraged the editor.

But his first page was his special pet. This was arranged as orderly as a Dutch garden. Speeches and things of that sort were particularly popular, because many of them were released in advance and could be neatly measured out and fitted into appropriate spaces. Deeds of violence were never welcome, because they are habitually unexpected. It wasn't criminality to which Mr. X objected so much as the gross disregard of time and schedule manifested by these lawless fellows.

The charge is often made that newspaper publicity encourages crime and that there is even the type of lawbreaker who sins for the sake of seeing his name and picture in the paper. Although the charge is often made, I've yet to see any findings of a competent investigator to prove it. If it is true that there are those who rob or kill or commit bigamy for the sake of the write-up, they choose their time most inadvisedly. Of all the news days in the week, Sunday is the dullest even though a certain number of babies are lost at Coney Island. Pick up your Monday paper and as a rule you'll find it less newsy than those which came before it through the week just past. Even a second-rate murder would be largely exploited if only the criminal had the sense to curb his savage instincts until Sunday. But he seldom does. At the moment I can't think of a single first class crime which took place on a Sunday. Of all the days in the week, Saturday is the favorite with murderers and that is most unfortunate, for this is the precise night upon which the papers go to press earlier and are more rushed for time and pinched for space.

Occasionally a volcano will cut loose upon a Sunday, but I doubt if there is any plan in this. Nature as I have said, has never been adroit in adjusting herself to news requirements. There are in this country some two or three dozen men who can make news of their own volition. I don't mean by going out and killing somebody, for that hold over the press belongs to any one. I mean they can command space by intimating to the city editors that they have a statement to give out and would be delighted to see reporters. Now, all the people in this group ought to know something of the tides of news, and yet most of them are ignorant. Of all the Presidents, Theodore Roosevelt alone learned all the ropes, though it seems to me that Calvin Coolidge is not altogether deficient. The Colonel never reached any great moral conviction except for the Monday morning papers. He was never fool enough to become articulate about public affairs of a Saturday, when his views would have to buck the football games, big fights at the Garden or double-headers, as the season warranted. And even he passed up one trick that I would employ if I were in the White House. There's one time even more propitious for publicity than a dull Sunday. I'm thinking of a rainy Saturday. A heavy storm can blanket all your fights and ball games, track meets and outdoor speeches. Upon such occasions the bellies of the press are gnawed with sudden hunger. And that's the time I'd pick to hurl at them any moral message.

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## CYMBALINE SEES CARMEL

"And how did you like your first Forest Theater play?" I asked. Cymbaline was taken to the opening performance of "Arms and the Man" on Thursday night by an Old Garmelite. I myself was waiting for a less foggy evening and stayed home keeping up a good cheerful blaze to warm Cymbaline and the O. C. when they returned.

'Loved it!" exclaimed Cymbaline fervently, peeling off an assortment of coats, scarfs and gloves, "and it wasn't nearly so cold sitting out there as I expected."

"I tried to tell you that," said the O. C. "There's something about that hollow in the woods that seems to protect it from fog and wind—it's never so cold there as it is almost anywhere else in town."

"Even if it had been," went on Cymbaline, as we gathered around the fireplace, "it would be worth it just for the fun of going to the theater in such a heavenly place! There are so many things to keep you interested before the performance that are different from an indoor playhouse. Imagine a theater where you can have a policeman mounted on his horse right in the lobby—that's the first thrill I got. And then following the usher in Bulgarian costume down to our seats I wondered how she kept warm in that low-neck peasant blouse when I was only just comfortable in two coats! And there was no curtain staring blankly at you—"

"But those glaring lights—" I began.

"Oh, that gives you something else to do," said Cymbaline cheerfully, "if you are lucky, you can get in a position so that people's heads shut them out and then you can see the stage fairly well, and it's fun guessing what that shadowy scene will represent when the lights are turned off. It was a beautiful courtyard in a Bulgarian home and while you can't prove it by me whether the trees in that country are pine and oak, I do know that they helped make the setting and the background look more real than anything on an indoor stage I ever saw. No backdrop with a painted sky on it, no tree trunks that wobble if you bump into them! No—"

"Well, you'd have to be careful not to lean against the bushes," interrupted the O. C. cynically, "they didn't all grow there on the spot. The Carnegie laboratory happened conveniently to have had its oaks pruned just before the play and I don't know how many truckloads were brought over to the theater."

"Well," said Cymbaline, "they were real enough to hang the wash on in the second act anyhow. And—what seemed more important—the balcony was so firm and real that I never had that apprehensive feeling that always worries me when there's a tower or any high stage scenery. I don't believe it even quivered when the hero climbed up on it."

"Bert sure did that well," put in the O. C. admiringly, "both going up and coming down."

"He gave a fine performance all the way through," said Cymbaline, "and you could understand everything he said, he speaks so clearly—"

"Guess he wished he hadn't spoken up quite so clearly when he made that break in the last act," chuckled the O. C.

"Don't be mean," said Cymbaline, "who cares about a little thing like that when you have such beautiful scenery to look at."

"Yeah," agreed the O. C., "Ruth Kuster certainly had some good-looking scenery on—that fur-trimmed costume with the jewelled head dress and red slippers! At least you could be looking at those when anyone forgot the lines."

Cymbaline was silent for a few moments, apparently thinking the evening over and finally she said: "It just occurs to me that this was almost the first time I've ever spent an evening at the theater without being in some way annoyed by the presence of the audience! It was so big and open and the trees stretched up so high in the air that the people seemed small and unimportant. I had a pleasantly detached feeling, and I can't remember hearing anyone coughing or talking—in fact, I hardly realized that there was anything except the stage and the actors."

"No dogs?" I inquired. "It doesn't sound like Carmel if at least one didn't try to join the cast."

"Oh yes," put in the O.C., "there was an incident that caused a little excitement for a moment. Cyra, the Vyes' police dog, came to look for her family and was so overjoyed at finding them that she jumped up and hit Mrs. Vye so hard she made her nose bleed!"

"I think the Forest Theater is one of the loveliest things in Carmel," said Cymbaline, "and I think it's too bad they can't have plays there oftener."

"Well," said the O. C., "there are going to be at least two more this summer—'Hamlet' and 'King Dodo'. May I have the pleasure of your company at both?"

"You may," accepted Cymbaline promptly.

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# LITERATURE AND

## A BLACK POET WHO SINGS

**By Dora C. Hagemeyer**

The well-settled question of negro race inferiority has lately been considerably disturbed by the appearance of several excellent books. Among these a little volume of poems by Countee Cullen commands attention. No condescending attitude is possible towards this rich living voice. In spite of youth, color, and public opinion this young poet holds his own.

He sings of his brown girls rhythmically, and with a fine appreciation of the vitality that enriches them so.

"Now I am young and a fool for love
My blood goes mad to see
A brown girl pass me like a dove
That flies melodiously."

In "The Shroud of Colour" there are passages which are inspirational and which stand outside of any race consideration whatsoever. The following lines have much clear beauty.

"I lack the strength to sacrifice
I who have burned my hands upon a star
And climbed high hills at dawn to view
the far
Illimitable wonderments of earth."

Although too much concerned with injustice perhaps and somewhat confined by a tendency to rhyme at a cost of fluency, his poetry springs from a spirit warm with the sun and earth. When he has outgrown his resentment and his bitterness, his poems will be truer to the thing which he undoubtedly has within him. At present his main theme is that of most of the young negro intellectuals. He announces it in these lines:

"Yet do I marvel at this curious thing
To make a poet black and bid him sing."

The "Epitaphs" are a little too trite to be beautiful. They seem to have been written with a desire to be clever. Countee Cullen sacrifices much of his fineness when he does this. The first of them, however, makes up for the rest.

"I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth,
And laid them away in a box of gold:
Where long will cling the lips of the moth,
I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth;
I hide no hate; I am not even wroth
Who found earth's breath so keen and
cold:
I have wrapped my dreams in a silken cloth,
And laid them away in a box of gold."

It is amazing that a race only lately removed from savagery can have flowered so soon into poetry, art and song. The group of stories, essays, pictures and verse of which Alain Locke has made so excellent a collection in "The New Negro", has surprised the intellectual world with its cultural significance.

## CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

**By Dorothea Castelhun**

The appalling thing about "Teeftallow" by T. S. Stribling is that you know it must be true! You know it must be true because if there weren't places and people like those in this picture of the hill and town dwellers of Tennessee there would have been no such incredible happenings as the recent spectacular fight between the "Fundamentalist" and the "Evolutionist".

"Teeftallow" is different from most stories of the South in that the negro plays a minor, wholly insignificant part. The drama is entirely centered in the white characters, and it is a stirring drama which keeps you divided between horror and amazement.

If your experience of community life has been limited to the extreme East and the extreme West—if you've never lived farther south than Washington, D. C.—if religion has manifested itself more in the nature of a social obligation than a personal need or conviction—if you've been accustomed to the big city's indifference to your private affairs—if education has always seemed to you a matter of course and your lot has been cast even temporarily with scientific men and women and you have seen and respected their sane, balanced attitude of mind, their refusal to take things on faith—then you find yourself wondering if Lanesburg and "Arntown" can possibly be a part of this present day.

Stribling writes in a straightforward, unsentimental fashion which carries conviction. In Abner Teeftallow and Railroad Jones he has drawn remarkable portraits and kept them consistent throughout.

Abner develops just exactly as an illiterate, unschooled boy in his circumstances naturally would and the author does not make him into a being apart from his associates. He learns to swear, drink, gamble and shoot; he takes part in the pastime of "disturbing public worship"; he holds exactly the same views on social, moral and religious questions as the rest of the people; he joins with fervor in lynching a white man and driving scarlet women out of town—and all through, so well is it done and so simply does the author present his environment and mental processes that you feel a certain sympathy for his inevitable limitations and an understanding of his particular point of view, even though the ignorance and cruelty of this fanatical community are so alien to your own experiences.

The feeling which Abner had at his first real party where "town dancing" was indulged in is typical of his kind:

"After the fashion of non dancing men at a ball the youth gradually grew more and more melancholy and despondent. Whether he would or not quotations from the traveling evangelists concerning dancing floated through his head . . devil's trap . . . road to hell . . . palace of shame . . . And behind this was the hill born instinct in Abner to associate wickedness with everything pleasant, graceful or beautiful. It seemed to him that he was committing a subtle sin merely to sit and look at the dancers, although he disapproved. He thought if he should happen to drop dead in this ballroom— a fotality which, according to the evangelists, often occurred—he would very certainly go to hell. He felt far more wicked now than when he hurried after the mob in Irontown to help lynch Peck Bradley. And he knew this to be a true moral judgment because his conscience was whispering it to him; that still small voice in his heart, which according to the hill belief is the actual voice of God, and is therefore infallible."

It is a temptation to go on and quote other paragraphs from "Teeftallow", the book is so full of meat. It's so full that it should be read from beginning to end. There's no propaganda in it but as a complete picture of conditions, economic, social, moral and—what is the other word?— spiritual! in that section of the South, it is a strong, as well as a fascinatingly interesting book. As I said in the beginning, it is appalling to realize that this is true, that twentieth century America contains many such sections as the Lane County in "Teeftallow".

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# THE OTHER ARTS

## A VISIT TO THE HOME OF J. ALDEN WEIR

**(Irene E. Alexander, who wrote especially for The Cymbal the following story of her visit to the home of the famous painter, J. Alden Weir, will be remembered as the former head of the dramatic department of the San Jose High schol and author of "The Purple Pigeon", which was produced in that city a year ago and later in Oakland. She has just returned to New York from a trip abroad and will probably remain in that city for an indefinite period.)**

**By Irene E. Alexander**

Even before I journeyed up into the quiet Connecticut farmlands, I knew something about J. Alden Weir; one cannot read far in the books on American art without recognizing his distinction. The son of a professor of drawing at West Point, he was sent abroad in 1873 for the conventional old-world training—spending the next four years at the Paris Beaux Arts, and becoming imbued with the spirit of Gerome. In this short time he seemed to drink in an inspiration that never flagged—that never required the constant return to European masters that so many artists crave for the renewal of their spirit. During his lifetime, his eye remained unerring, and collectors depended upon his recognition of authentic canvases. A Rembrandt and Bastian Lepage's "Joan of Arc" were his selection, and now hang in the Metropolitan Museum, where three of his own works are exhibited: The Red Bridge, Green Bodice, and Idle Hours.

During the latter 70's and early 80's he became known as a portrait painter, later turning his attention to landscapes, and when he died in December, 1919, his work had not only found its way into many distinguished collections and exhibits, but he had won the title of "Artists' Artist", and the genuine friendship and admiration of such men as John Twachtman and Sargent.

Some of these facts I knew before I went to spend an enchanted week-end at the country home he loved near Ridgefield, Connecticut. Many years ago a prominent collector coveted a painting which hung in the Weir studio. Time after time he failed to get it, and finally he offered to trade a Connecticut farm, with its ancient colonial house for the picture. The artist agreed, and the farm became his.

As I went up the winding lane between overhanging trees and low stone walls, and glimpsed ahead the red clapboards and green shutters of the farmhouse, I did not wonder that this peaceful place became his most-loved home. For the distinctive fact in the life of J. Alden Weir, is that an original, unexplained genius for color—the gay, new freedom of an American spirit, triumphed over his continental training, and made him in reality an American artist. And the great red farmhouse, with its rolling meadows, its glassy pond , with frogs croaking in the marshes, is the America to which we are trying so hard to cling in these days of machine civilization, immigration problems, and sky-scrapers.

Within the house one feels the loving presence of an artist—of artists, one must say, for Miss Dorothy Weir is not only carrying on the tradition of her father in the happy color note of her own paintings, but is planning as well to write a biography of the man who filled the rooms at Ridgefield with beautiful things.

There are lovely old leaded windows, refectory tables, and quaint, carved chests. The firelight from the open hearth dances on the polished brass and old copper, and guests are lighetd to their four-poster beds with candlesticks of a century ago. Much that delights the eye came from the far corners of the world, but the greater part were used by the sturdy race that formerly peopled the New England farms. The spirit of the house is essentially American, and a few days spent within its hospitable walls affects one like a salute to the flag. It does not represent the kind of Americanism that shrieks about its money and its progress—its rotary clubs and its real estate—but it speaks quietly of gentle traditions, respect for the useful and the beautiful, and a dignified leisure in which to love the stars and the flowers.

I walked down the grassy slope beyond the house and the artist's studio. There, hedged about, its little rustic gateways entwined with rosevines, I found the garden which he had planned. The fountain, surrounded by its boxwood, was dry, and the basin was cracked in the sun. Peonies were in full bloom, and butterflies fluttered about undisturbed in the bright silence. Even the weedy paths and the tangled shrubs could not make the little enclosure desolate; it was filled with an atmosphere ageless and as timeless as the sun-dial, whose marker was no longer there to cast shadows with the sun. More than ever, in that place, was I sorry that I had missed knowing J. Alden Weir, himself.

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## THE NEW OPERA

**By Harold K. Hestwood**

What form could be more complete or satisfying as a form embodying the use of a combination of the plastic arts, literature, the dance and music? This form has been exploited since the sixteenth century when a distinct taste developed for drama with a musical setting. At that early date the form was hardly recognizable as opera as we know it. Gluck in the eighteenth century, realized that the overtures, choruses and dances were not especially separate entities but that they contributed to the form as a whole. Wagner worked and developed along the theories of Gluck and everyone is aware of the point reached by Wagner in developing opera form.

Some progress has been made since then. What is the matter with opera though? To be honest with oneself, are there not passages and passages of boring moments, a seeming lack of unity? Hundreds of people have told me that they did not care for opera. Even opera singers themselves realize that it is hardly more than an opportunity to gain recognition. If it were not for the wealthy class who purchase the boxes for the season so that the society editor can report each Sunday whose guest was whose in such and such a box and what so-and-so wore; if it were not for that, opera, probably, would have a hard struggle to keep alive.

Why the fight? Why the great struggle for existence? It must be because of the opera form itself. Has there been an absolute unity and coordination of the various forms of art used? After examing it closely I am quite convinced that the fault lies in the original conception of the composer. The seeming impossibility of coordinating music and action; the amount of music which "marks time" to action, and the amount of action which loses its value through the delay of the music being terriffic; the necessity of cheap stage business; all this is damning to the opera.

Mozart carries his action along with his music and achieves great results, but Wagner in his musical intensity delays his action and kills half the intensity of his marvelous music (marvelous at times only—no man can continually write hours of great music!).

Now I believe that the possibility lies in action without singing (I feel always in Wagner that the voice is in the way) and this would be dramatic ballet as in Strauss' "Joseph's Legend". If that form can be given dignity and be taken away from the purely sensual as in Rimsky-Korsakoff's 'Schehera-zade" I think a great work will result.

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## Adventures in Eating Out

No. 5

We were very hungry that noon, very hungry! We were very busy that noon also, very busy! We hadn't much time (nor, to be frank, much money!) but were unanimous in the decision that we must have FOOD And so we dashed into Curtis's, sat down in one of the comfortable alcoves and almost before we could decide whether we were entitled to the "Merchants' Lunch", not being strictly speaking, merchants ourselves, our order was being requested. And almost before we had helped ourselves to water and napkins and taken a hasty glance about at the oil paintings and commented admiringly on the new floor—behold, the first course of hot abalone chowder with a heaping plate of oyster crackers was set before us.

And from then on, what time we could remove our thoughts from the food, we exclaimed in wonder at the sudden and delightful way a half dollar had stretched! It moves us to enumerate in detail just what our lunch consisted of that day. It began, as we have said, with abalone chowder and crackers. It continued with tomato and cole slaw salad, crisp and fresh; roast lamb with good brown gravy (with a choice of three or four other meats, if we remember correctly); mashed potatoes, string beans, squash and corn for vegetables—four, please notice! a muffin and a slice of some kind of delicious cinnamon bread; a big cup of good coffee, and a dessert of juicy apricot cake! It wasn't a national holiday and they didn't know WE were coming, so we think it safe to judge that other lunches at Curtis's are as fine as the one we had that day.

—D. C.

## CLASSES IN 'TOYCRAFT' UNIQUE INSTRUCTION FOR CHILDREN

Lucille Kiester, owner of "The Pinafore Playhouse", is conducting classes in toycraft for children at Arts and Crafts hall on Monday and Friday of each week from 9:30 o'clock until noon. The first lesson started yesterday. Mrs. Kiester had charge of similar classes in the Hawaiian Academy of Design in Honolulu. She draws a design of the toy on a blackboard and the children copy the design, using rulers and measuring exactly. Then they take small saws and cut the design out. In case of a cabinet, after they have cut the different parts out, they glue them together, making a toy that they can use. When the toys are assembled the children paint them as they desire.

Mrs. Kiester painted the decorations for the settings for "R. U. R.", produced last week-end at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. These settings were extremely modern and were designed by Eugene Shuefftan, a German artist of prominence who is under contract with Carl Laemmle of Universal City for a year.

## THE GENTLE ASTERISK

By Stoddard King

(From "What the Queen Said and Other Facetious Fragments")

A writer owned an Asterisk,
And kept it in his Den,
Where he wrote tales (which had large sales)
Of frail and erring men;
And always when he reached the point
Where carping Censors lurk,
He called upon the Asterisk
To do his dirty work.

At first the gentle Asterisk
Would blush a rosy red,
But, soaked with sin, it soon rushed in
Where Angels fear to tread;
And reveled in the sort of scenes
That run along like this:
"'Nothing can matter . . . but our love . . .'
"Her soul was in that kiss

" * * * * * * * * * *

So well the writer plied his craft,
His work became the rage,
And, by demand, he turned his hand
To writing for the Stage;
But there the Censor was so kind,
The plane of Art so high.
He needed now no Asterisk
To get his rough stuff by.

An outcast and a wanderer
That Asterisk became;
It knew no trade that really paid
Excepting that of Shame.
Within the playwright's busy Den
The fire was warm and bright,
As, with a sigh, the Asterisk
Went out into the night . . . .

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# WHAT CURTIS IS DOING TO THE POST

(What Morris Markey, who writes often and always entertainingly in the New Yorker thinks of the acquisition of the New York Evening Post by Cyrus Curtis, the Philadelphia publisher, is contained in the following example of his good writing which appears in the current issue of the new and vital weekly.

By Morris Markey

It is a very long time since anything cheerful has happened in that end of journalism which bourgeons in the forenoon and engages to keep us informed as the day proceeds concerning the antics of our fellow creatures. On the day when the Globe withdrew its grave old face from the charging ranks of five-star finals some steadying spirit seemed to die out of the afternoon press, and it began to grow trivial and unimpressive in direct proportion to the swelling of its clamor. The old notion that the news of an afternoon was worth telling with accuracy and authority seemed to wane. And so it came about at last that we strolled through the streets in the evening to have papers thrust under our noses telling us with all the fervor of a cry for help that "Daddy's Boy" had copped the fifth at Jamaica and that the Yanks had trounced the Browns. All the vivid happenings of a day on this spinning globe were reduced to utter insignificance by those two prodigious facts.

Yet beneath all this howling over trifles, there remained one newspaper which proceeded in its own unostentatious way to speak in an ordinary conversational tone about matters which it considered news. That was the Evening Post. It was such a small paper, as far as circulation goes, that it was often overlooked. A few young men with an intense amount of dignity wrote it and sent it out to the newsstands—chiefly for their own amusement, for it earned precious few dollars of profit. The scattering few who read it regularly perceived it as a graceful earnest journal: a flute among the blaring trumpets of its competitors. And then the Evening Post was sold. Mr. Cyrus Curtis, of Philadelphia, bought it and raised its price to a nickel and said he would show New York how a newspaper should be run.

Not very much happened. The readers of the old Post became scornful and refused their paper under its new guidance. It continued to appear every day, but nobody seemed to have any very clear ideas as to who bought it or read it. It became less important than ever and the shouting of its competitors went on undiminished. . . .

Now I began this soliloquy with a mention of cheerful happenings in the afternoon press. And I have proceeded by a somewhat circuitous route toward mention of the Evening Post. It was a rather obvious thing to do, altogether; and yet I was driven to the use of some such surreptitious device before daring to come out with the incredible suggestion I am about to offer, to wit: this same Evening Post is not unlikely to emerge before long as an impressive and influential example of sanity and intelligence, and authority in the editing of an afternoon newspaper.

I confess that the whole notion seems incredible to the point of absurdity. Certainly Mr. Curtis has never before done anything to justify this suspicion. His management of the Evening Post itself, to date, has been colorless and somewhat sprawling. Yet there are certain elusive circumstances to be observed in connection with the paper which take on a most portentious appearance when gathered up and examined with proper care.

My chief reason for venturing this belief is a very simple one. A gentleman who occupies a high position in the councils of the Post told me so. And he told me in such a convincing manner that I think he was telling the truth.

Within a few weeks the Post will move into a new and highly expensive plant. And with this fact to start upon, we learn that the meager 40,000 which has been the paper's daily circulation since its purchase by Mr. Curtis was entirely a mechanical limitation. The old presses in the Versey Street plant simply could not print more than 40,000 copies a day. With this test tube quantity, so to speak, various experiments have been made. It has been shown rather clearly, for example, that the five-cent price is no great burden for an afternoon paper to bear. For whatever reasons, whether they are snobbishly striving after the elusive, or think they are getting a superior article, or because they are merely extravagant, people are not much worried about the high price.

Also, it has been pretty clearly revealed that at least a certain number of newspaper purchasers fixe their chief interest in news itself. For the Post has devoted itself almost exclusively to the reporting of current events. Sports have occupied a quiet place in back pages. A rather famous financial editor was allowed to go to another paper without regrets. And no celebrated feature writers or dramatic critics have been employed. No comic strips have been used, and the purple emotions of even the most exciting divorces have been practically ignored.

Of such a journal, the editors have sold as many copies as they could print. And now they propose to print a great many thousand more every day, and to embellish the dignity and manner of their paper accordingly. They seem to be quite determined upon this course, and it is almost certain

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

*Wrought Iron*

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*Your ideal home*

Expresses beauty and individuality. Particularly appropriate to the Peninsula is the house which combines the charm of European atmosphere with the comfort of American conveniences. I have studied in France and Spain and had years of experience as an architect here. Plans and complete specifications drawn up and building supervised from start to finish. Advice given on decorating and furnishing if it is desired.

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COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

CARMEL

# PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. W. Leet of San Jose are in their new house on Monte Verde street. Their daughters, Winifred and Adelia, who recently attended the engagement luncheon of their cousin, Miss Hortense McLaughlin in Los Angeles, will join their parents in the near future.

* * *

Mis Ellen O'Sullivan had as her week-end guests her nieces, Misses Mary Ann and Barbara Sutro and her nephew, Oscar Sutro, Jr., all from Piedmont.

* * *

Among the luncheon parties which have been given at Kays Sandwich Shop was one at which Burton Williams was host to Mrs. Alfred Holman Miss Helen Holman and Miss McKay.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cameron Church Jr., of New York and Boston, have taken one of the cottages at Pebble Beach Lodge for a few weeks. Mrs. Church, who was Miss Muriel Vanderbilt before her marriage last year in New York, and her husband will be extensively entertained during their stay in California.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James have returned to their home in the Highlands where they will be for some time.

* * *

Ruth Austin, who appeared in Betty Merle Horst's exhibitions of dancing at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, is in Carmel for two months. She is staying at the Anita Whitney cottage.

* * *

Mrs. Charles Stanton, wife of the editor of the San Francisco Examiner, is in her home on Santa Lucia and Thirteenth for the month of July. Her daughter, Marjory Wayber, is visiting her.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams are returning to Carmel tomorrow after a three weeks' cruise up the British Columbia coast.

* * *

Lucille Kiester entertained the following guests over the holidays: Mrs. Ruth Cherrigan of San Rafael, Wallace Ferrell of San Francisco, Elsa Hyman who took the lead with Ben Legere in "The Master" and now associated with Irving Pitchel, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Schuefftan and Peter Schuefftan of Hollywood.

* * *

Constance Vander Roest is coming to Carmel to spend the summer with her family. Miss Vander Roest has been teaching art in the Packer Institute in Broklyn, and previous to that she was connected with the Frick Art Library in New York.

Dr. Beverley Clark of Palo Alto is in Carmel for July. He and Mrs. Clark have taken a house on Santa Lucia. Dr. Clark is planning to do some work at the Carnegie Laboratory.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Tinning and family of Martinez have taken the Jackson cottage for July and August. Tinning is the District Attorney for Contra Costa county.

* * *

The artists of Monterey peninsula were entertained at tea in the Del Monte hotel by the ladies of the Building Owners and Managers' Association who are in convention there. They were assisted by Miss Blanche, art curator of the Del Monte Gallery.

Among the guests were William Ritschell, Armin Hansen, Evelyn McCormick, William Silva, Jessie Arms Botke, Cornelis Botke, Mary Black, Lucy Pierce, Myron Oliver, Clayton Price, August Gay, Will Sparks, Stanley Wood, Marcy Woods, M. De Neale Morgan, Marion Thompson, Isabel Hunter, and Julian Greenwald.

* * *

Mrs. Fred Lierce, organizer of the San Francisco Grand Opera, is here with her children, Helen, John and Thomas.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. John Pigott and their children, Elizabeth, Virginia and John, motored from San Francisco last Friday to Carmel where they have taken a house for the season.

* * *

Hans Ankersmit of Holland and his fiancee, Miss Elizabeth Berryman of Martinez, were week-end guests of Miss Tilly Polak. Miss Polak gave a luncheon party on Monday at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club for her guests, including Johan Hagemeyer and Miss Mercedes Modotti of San Francisco.

* * *

"Tack" Knight was in Carmel last week-end. Mrs. Knight and their daughter, Mary Jacqueline, returned to the city with him where they will stay during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall of Berkeley have taken a cottage on Monte Verde near 12th for the the summer.


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*Printed chiffons and Crepe de chines in gay colors and latest designs from New York! Made with the exquisite finish characteristic of the finest modiste. New line of COUNTRY CLUB dresses, smart and serviceable.*

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$1.50 and $1.00
At PALACE DRUG STORE
CARMEL

# CURTIS AND THE POST

(Continued from Page Eleven)

that we cannot avoid reading it. In such a case, I for one beg the privilege of expressing certain preferences for the future—and of expressing certain dissatisfactions with their product of the past. I even have somewhere in my head my prescription for a newspaper. I offer it to the gentlemen for what it is worth.

It is my understanding that most of the news that finds its way into afternoon papers is distilled through what is known as the rewrite desk. That is to say, reporters are dispatched to observe certain events and thereafter transmit their facts by telephone to a rewrite man, who puts the facts into a piece of coherent prose. Also, I gather, many of the facts dealt with by the rewrite man are gathered by him from the news agencies which cover the routine happenings of city life and report them by telegraph.

I do not believe that rewrite men, sitting all day in their offices and hearing a dozen stories recited to them over the telephone, knowing all the timethat they are under the necessity of contriving an exciting or, at least, an arresting piece from whatever impressions they may procure thus vicariously, can tell me very plainly or very truthfully what happened in any given situation. They really saw no more of the event than I did. And I feel certain that they are driven to the use of their creative imagination much more frequently than is good for the health of truth.

To overcome this difficulty I would propose to the editors of this new and important Post that no line of print go into any edition unless it be written by a reporter who personally secured the facts—or the impressions—of which he is telling. The editors need not be greatly concerned over the likelihood of being outdone, or scooped, as the phrase goes, by their competitors. The competitors are not much concerned with scooping. Their overwhelming ambition, it would appear, is to avoid being scooped themselves. And even if the Post missed an occasional story it would not mater greatly.

If I were sure that the Evening Post followed the practice I have suggested I would wait with all willingness for its story, even if it were delayed until the next day. For, under such conditions I should feel a mental contact with the man who was on the scene, telling me what he saw.

I hope, too, that when the Post gets nicely settled in its new home it will do something about the prose style of its writers. Lookjng over the paper as it now appears, one observes a rather odd situation. It has tried to mate the writing styles of the Times and the Mirror, and the offspring has not been wholly pleasant. You may get the effect if I quote two sentences from the issue that lies before me now.

**. . . Scores of persons kissed the rings of the cardinals, both in the concourse and out on the platform leading to the train and even from the train platforms and through the windows as the final shout of "All aboard!" echoed through the subterranean passageways like a cry in the catacombs.**

Now that strikes me as very good newspaper writing. It would invoke a moving scene in the imagination of a street cleaner. It tells a great many facts and it stirs a touch of mysticism that fits its subject admirably.

But then one turns a page and comes upon a sentence like this, the opening of a story:

**An American Princess brought her runaway Prince back home today, and both were smiling, because the mysterious events of three weeks ago were, apparently, forgotten.**

Even that is not a very good example of what the Post can do when it deliberately goes after the tabloid manner.

I assume, of course, that under its new order the Post will remove from its editorial page the curse of the editorial articles written in Philadelphia and shipped to New York a bit worn from hard use in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. They are generally meaningless, a little too careful even for a city that harbors the Herald-Tribune, and quite innocent of style. Naturally, I am a little suspicious of any editorial page written under the direction of Mr. Curtis. The editor who is intimately concerned with great financial occupations and with a political philosophy designed to protect those occupations is likely to find that his utterances of opinion on the affairs of the day are taken with a grain of salt.

But that is not very important. I shall be quite willing for Mr. Curtis to grow as autocratic and Cooldgean as he pleases, if he will confine that attitude to his editorial page alone.

On that score I conjure the editors of the new Post to be truthful in the writing of news. Do not bother yourselves, gentlemen, too much with making us happy. Do not think it necessary, while you are telling us what is happening, to point out that such happenings will please all men who adore the principles of your proprietor. If you get into such a habit, you are likely to fall gradually into the practice of making your news stories carry your point in spite of the facts. Merely tell us what happened as it happened. And that will be quite a singular and praiseworthy performance.

I should like to see this new Post retain two features which it introduced into New York: a page of news items from other cities, and a column of editorial opinion from contemporary journals. I enjoy, too, Mr. Clinton Gilbert's brief daily observances on the circus in Washington.

I shall pray, above all things, for uncompromising accuracy; and for a writing style that will neither be content with a simple recital of facts nor, on the other hand, hold each story to be a romantic drama that mustbe involved, by hook or crook with laughter or tears. I expect the Post to keep itself pure from the influence of the comic strip and the daily true story, and avoid the temptation to scream frantically over trifles. In short, I expect a newspaper. And I shall not mind in the least paying a nickel for it.

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*the people you know*
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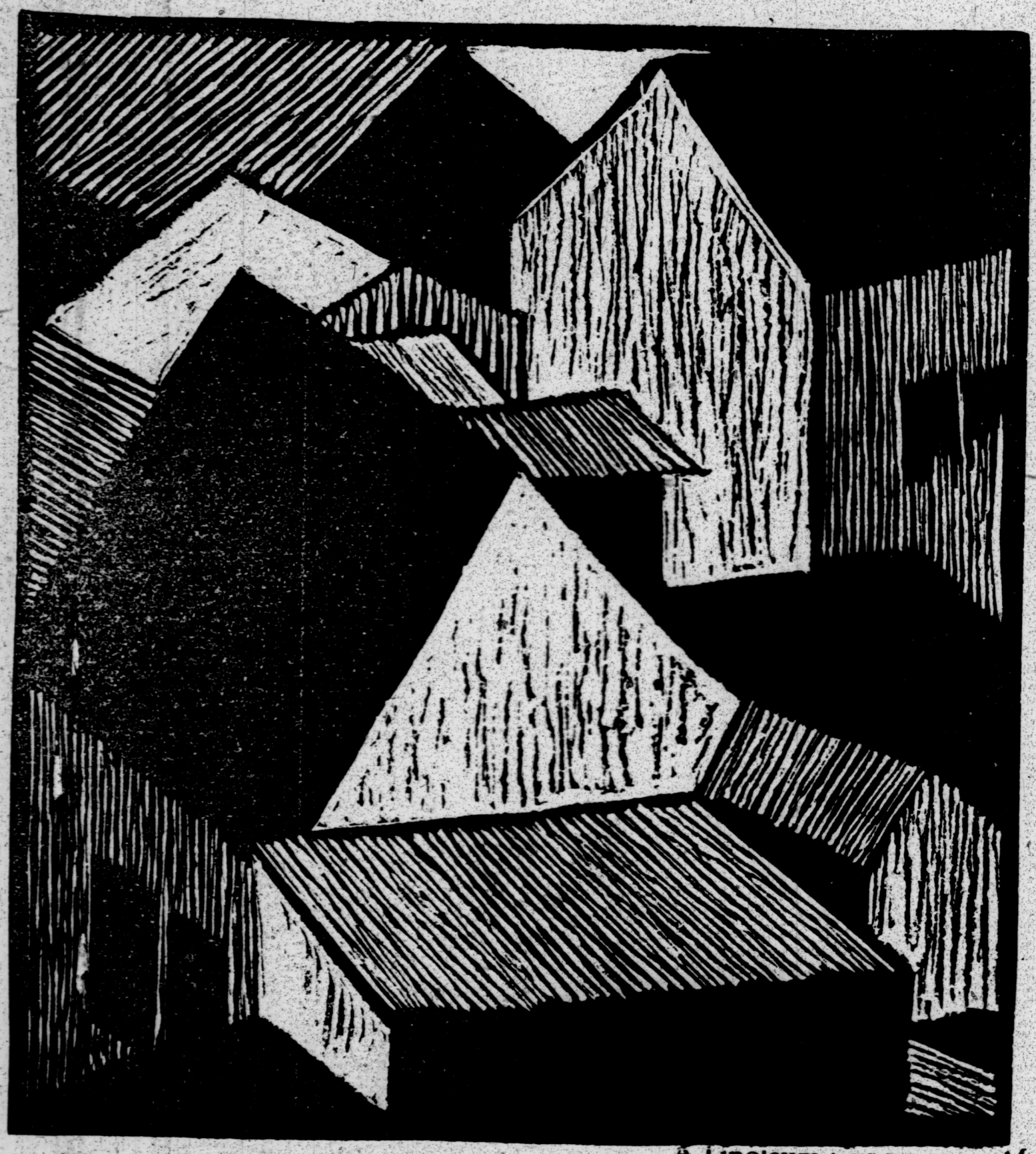
WROUGHT IRON POTTERY

TELEPHONE 128

# Sonora Housetops



A Linoleum Cut by Anita M. Hestwood

## PERRY NEWBERRY

(Continued from Page Three)

has no public utterance. It is felt, not seen or heard. And it is felt more intensely by people who have the same traits of character, the same originality, and ideas that conform to a "different" town. And so, fortunately, we build.

* * *

The recipe, or suggestion, that I make is a simple one. Our artists, writers and musicians would not be, perhaps, the best qualified men and women to handle the city's affairs nor are they inclined to serve as trustees or commissioners. But they should be consulted, and their advice sought upon every phase of civic affairs that has to do in any way with beauty, or with originality. Their ideas should be secured, and be most carefully considered when most unique and daring. Instead of saying, "Impossible! No other town ever had such an ordinance, or did such an outrageous thing!" pause, hold our breaths, swallow once or twice, and stutter, "Well, now—maybe—why not? It's certainly different!"

## ARTHUR THE AUTHOR

Although Brander Matthews defends puns and Christopher Morley practices them with relish and delight, Arthur Tuckerman finds puns on his name rather embarrassing to a modest young novelist. He is now settled in Aix-les-Bains, a favorite working place where he wrote the greater part of his first novel "Galloping Dawns".

Here he frequently receives letters from an admirer of his new story, "Possible Husbands", addressed to him as "Author" Tuckerman.

## RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW BOOK

Rudyard Kipling, who has returned from a winter in the south of France much improved in health, has just given to his publishers the manuscript of a new book which will be published by Macmillan and Company in England and his American publishers, Doubleday, Page & Company in the United States sometime in September. The book is to be called "Debits and Credits" and will include seventeen poems hitherto unpublished in book form.

*If you have enjoyed this issue of*

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*you will enjoy future issues.*

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EDITORIAL PAGE

# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

W. K. BASSETT
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JULY 6, 1926

## The Glorious Fourth

Yesterday was the political holiday of these United States. Parades marched, leading citizens elocuted and brass bands played in commemoration of the fact that one hundred and fifty years ago a small group of men with the courage of their convictions decided that there should be a new political division on the face of the earth as a geographical and social necessity. Throughout the land the eighteen-point type to the glory of our past, the majesty of our present and the beautiful promise of our future. They did this as their contribution to the perpetuation of our institutional government as it exists and to the end that this nation "of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth".

It is "altogether fitting and proper" that we should do this. The spirit of patriotism and abject devotion to "our country" must be fostered in the young and maintained and strengthened in the childish. If we cannot prove the glory of our country by demonstrating the glory we must at least shout about it in order to create the belief that it is there.

But one wonders what Tom Jefferson and Ben Franklin and Jack Adams and the others would think about us today had they the power to saunter back among us and read our bulletin boards. One wonders whether or not they would consider their intrepidity and travail of '76 were worth while. One wonders what they would think of the smug Coolidge, the ranting Reed, the noisy Hiram Johnson, the self-aggrandizing Borah. One is compelled to wonder what they would think of laws that are plastered on a nation by men with their tongues in their cheeks and who later, tongues still in cheeks, appropriate millions in the effort to enforce them while cheap politicians and shyster lawyers wax fat on the funds as juggled by unscrupulous public officials. Because that group of men in 1776 was courageous and brave and honest and sincere, we believe, despite the silly encomiums of history that tend to rob them of their reality and greatness. They had principles we brand as noble and with unselfishness and sacrifice they constructed the foundation on which we have since builded such a frail and unbeautiful structure.

But the flags waved and the guns boomed and the bands played and the leading citizens elocuted yesterday while the names of Tom and Ben and Jack and the others were taken in vain to perpetuate a government that seems to have forgotten all that was originally dedicated to it in honesty and unselfishness and wisdom in the conduct of human affairs.

The nation of shopkeepers carries raucously on to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner.

---

## The Pine Cone Deal

The amalgamation of the Peninsula Herald of Monterey and the Pine Cone of Carmel, as announced last week in both of those papers, is interesting if not important. It means little more than the combination of two organizations in order that the material and physical equipment of one will suffice for both. It means that the complete elimination of the Pine Cone plant in Carmel as a unit of newspaper publication will reduce the cost of the necessity of the new owner acquiring the type of machinery required for the publication of the class of paper he has adopted for the Pine Cone. As for the announcement that Allen Griffin of the Herald has "sold" a half interest in that paper to J. A. Easton of the Pine Cone, or that Easton has bought a half interest in the Herald "from" Griffin, it is common knowledge that Griffin's interest in the Herald is merely a family one and that the paper is purely a political arm of his father-in-law, E. A. Hayes of San Jose. The most interesting phase of the matter is what Bill Overstreet thinks about it all. It is always rather mentally devastating to have a child go alien.

---

## A SYMPOSIUM ON 'R. U. R.'

"R. U. R." at the Theatre of the Golden s a powerful satirical drama completely expressing what many of us would like to hout from the house-tops. I know nothing of stage technic. It may have been well executed or it may have been poorly executed I do not even remember who wrote it. What difference does it make? All I know is that an idea was put over in a way that was satisfying: an obvious, universal idea written and executed in a clear, simple, straightforward manner; the "automistic" tendency of humans, humans who are born with emotions. humans who can love (whatever love is) and hate (whatever that might be). Humans who have stifled these innate characteristics. snuffed out the glow, alone, or with the aid of our wonderful systematic civilization; a civilization that rises when the bell rings and quits when the whistle blows. We are eggs; eggs unhatched; three minute eggs; two minute eggs; three and a half minute eggs; handled, crated, carried about, and finally have a lot of hot water thrown on us, or fried in grease. Humans passed out on a piece of toast.

R. U. or R. U. not? I guess we can't help it.

—H. H.

## —or something

There isn't much in the way of limericks for the contest this week, but what there is is good. I did get one complaint about extending the time on the contest, but the party, who was a bit peevish, declined to take the matter to court although she admitted that she felt she couldn't compete with some of the entries that had been coming in recently.

Here is the one contribution to the contest received in the past week. It seems to be in answer to one recently published from Helen Newton, who, while in the east, gave limerickal expression to her desire to return to Carmel where it is "warm":

* * *

There was a young girl of Carmel,
In the Arctic she kept quite well,
But here she was freezing,
And constantly sneezing:
"Chilly con Balmy Carmel!"

—H. B.

And then comes the following with the same initials affixed thereto. It is offered as "an exercise in distinct articulation", and is entitled:

A GOLD DIGGER'S AD.

I want him neat,
And most discreet,
Bayard, cave-man, quite complete;
Mildish male-thing,
Yet keen kale-king.
Signing checks with hands and feet;
Strong, yet plastic,
Quite gymnastic,
One, in fact, that can't be beat:
Enigmatic,
Most erratic,
Paying bills while smiling sweet.

* * *

Perry Newberry's favorite newspaper carries the banner: "Beautiful Carmel, the Home of Art and Culture", probably as a demonstration of what possibly may not be Art, but is, by golly, strong on Culture. There's a restaurant down here on Lincoln street that ought to please Perry. It labels itself: "The Home of Eats and Art".

* * *

THE BOTTOM LINE

Thoughts fantastic and elastic
Nip me as I read—
Lines sequestered oft have pestered
"Lift me out," they plead.

"Lift me out and place me
Where the middle grins,
Or in top line space me—
It's the spot that wins;
All this column's resting
On my little words
Letters all congesting,
Pressing down in herds."

But though drastic and monastic
Laws of type divine,
Every column, howe'er solemn,
Must have a bottom line.

—H. B.